THE MARBLE HILL PRESS

J. S. HILL, Business Manager.

MARBLE HILL - - MISSOURI

If a girl is not pretty she can easily make up for it.

Some preachers forget that sheep do not stand on their hind legs to eat.

There is no use being absurdly practical if you really want to enjoy life.

Many people would be more truthful but for their uncontrollable desire to talk.

There would be more harmony in families if brothers did not know each other so well.

People who treat themselves with due respect are seldom worried by impertinences from others.

No business that seeks to accumulate money without creating something of value can be called legitimate.

A vast amount of curiosity comes from the vanity of desiring to know something that somebody else does not.

Women are apt to consider themselves neglected when they do not feel that they are putting some man to inconvenience.

Leisure will always be found by persons who know how to employ their time; those who want time are the people who do nothing.

It is human nature to forget to look back and see what became of the person who gave you a friendly boost over the fence when the bull was coming.

A real Trilby made her debut in New York a few days ago at the Spiritual temple. Her name is Mrs. Ada Gage, and though it is declared that she has never had any education and that she speaks only English, she sang with much feeling a solo in the Genoese dialect while under the control of a medium. She sang several selections in the same way and also played on the piano, selecting the music at the suggestion of the medium.

G. F. Adams of Derry, N. H., belongs to a large family. There were twelve persons present last Thanksgiving who bore the following relation to one another: Great-grandfather, great-grandmother, two grandfathers, two grandmothers, five daughters, two sons, five sisters, five grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, two brothers, three aunts, one uncle, one great-uncle, one niece, two great-aunts, three husbands, two fathers, three mothers, four wives, and grandniece, one grandnephew, two sisters-in-law and two brothers-in-law.

The most remarkable election bet yet recorded has been paid by John Raymond, a farmer living at Winthrop, Conn. The bet was that the loser should drink fifty dippers of hard cider a day for ten consecutive days. His adversary supplied the dipper and got the largest to be found. Winthrop got along fairly well for the first three days. After that he showed evidences of a large-sized jag, which constantly accumulated in size and strength. Later on his friends had to keep him at home by force to keep him from being arrested. But he persevered with a determination worthy of a better cause and completed the wager by drinking sixty gallons of hard cider. Uncle John says that after getting thirty or forty gallons down he saw green faces and many very strange things. The Good Templars of Winthrop now have him on their list.

City farming is likely to become quite a feature in the future, a New York paper says. The fact that at the recent American institute fair a woman who has been farming on vacant lots in this city carried off eight first prizes, three second prizes and two special prizes, amounting to $55, and that several men who have farms similar to hers took prizes amounting to $45, is looked upon by those interested in the vacant lot movement as proof of its success. When the vacant lot plan was suggested several years ago, it was said to be a visionary scheme, and it was urged that poor city people without previous farming experience could not cultivate land with any profit to themselves. The men who were interested in it, however, decided that it should have a fair trial, and they now believe that its success has been demonstrated. The expense of the farms for the last year amounted to $4,500, and the receipts of the planters were $9,500. The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, under whose management the farms were conducted, received several hundred bushels of potatoes, beets and cabbages for distribution. This association says that an excellent showing was made this summer, despite the fact that it was a bad season for city farming, owing to the early wet weather and the extreme heat that came later.

THE EYE OF THE MIND.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

PART II.

Told by Richard Fenton, of Frenchay, Gloucestershire, Esquire.

I.

AS my old friend Phil Brand has asked me to do this, I suppose I must—Brand is a right good fellow and a clever fellow, but has plenty of crotchets of his own. The worst I know of him is that he insists upon having his own way with people. With those who differ from him he is as obstinate as a mule. Anyhow, he has always had his own way with me. This custom, so far as I am concerned, commenced years ago, when we were boys at school together, and I have never been able to shake off the bad habit of giving it to him. He has promised to see that my Queen's English is presentable; for, to tell the truth, I am more at home across country than across foolscap, and my fingers know the feel of the reins or the trigger better than that of the pen.

All the same, I hope he won't take too many liberties with my style, bad though it may be; for old Brand at times is apt to get—well, a bit prosy. To hear him on the subject of hard work, and the sanctity thereof, approaches the sublime!

What freak took me to the little God-forsaken village of Midcombe in the depth of winter, is entirely between myself and my conscience. The cause, having no bearing upon the matters I am asked to tell you about, is no one's business but mine. I will only say that now I would not stay in such a place, at such a time of the year, for the sake of the prettiest girl in the world, let alone the bare chance of meeting her once or twice. But one's ideas change. I am now a good bit older, ride some two stone heavier, and have been married ever so many years. Perhaps, after all, as I look back, I can find some excuse for being such an ass as to endure, for more than a fortnight, all the discomforts heaped upon me in that little village inn.

A man who sojourns in such a hole as Midcombe must give some reason for doing so. My ostensible reason was hunting. I had a horse with me, and a second-rate subscription pack of slow-going mongrels did meet somewhere in the neighborhood, so no one could gainsay m yexplanaiton. But, if hunting was my object, I got precious little of it. A few days after my arrival, a bitter, biting frost set in—a frost as black as your hat and as hard as nails. Yet still I stayed on.

From private information received—no matter how, when, or where—I knew that some people in the neighborhood had organized a party to go skating on a certain day at Lilymere, a fine sheet of water some distance from Midcombe. I guessed that someone whom I particularly desired to meet would be there, and as the skating was free to anyone who chose to take the trouble of getting to such an out of the way place, I hired a horse and an apology for a dog-cart, and at ten in the morning started to drive the twelve miles to the pond. I took no one with me. I had been to Lilymere once before, in the bright summer weather, so fancied I knew the way well enough.

The sky when I started was cloudy; the wind was chopping around in a way which made the effete rustic old hostler predict a change of weather. He was right. Before I had driven two miles light snow began to fall, and by the time I reached a wretched little wayside inn, about a mile from the Mere, a film of white covered the whole country. I stabled my horse as well as I could, then, taking my skates with me, walked down to the pond.

Now, whether I had mistaken the day, or whether the threatening fall of snow had made certain people change their minds, I don't know; but, to my annoyance and vexation, no skaters were to be seen, and, moreover, the uncut, white surface told me that none had been on the pond that morning. Still, hoping they might come in spite of the weather, I put on my skates and went outside-edging and grape-vining all over the place. But as there was no person in particular—in fact, no one at all—to note my powers, I soon got tired. It was, indeed, dreary, dreary work. But I waited and hoped until the snow came down so fast and furiously, that I felt sure that waiting was in vain, and that I had driven to Lilymere for nothing.

Back I went to the little inn, utterly disgusted with things in general, and feeling that to break someone's head would be a relief to me in my present state of mind. Of course, a sensible man would at once have got his horse between the shafts and driven home. But, whatever I may be now, in those days I was not a sensible man—Brand will, I know, cordially endorse this remark—the accommodation of the inn was not such as to induce one to linger within its precincts; but the fire was a right good one, and a drink, which I skillfully manufactured out of some hot beer, not to be despised, and proved warming to the body and soothing to the ruffled temper. So I lingered over the big fire until I began to feel hungry, and upon the landlady assuring me that she could cook a rasher, decided it would be wiser to stay where I was until the violence of the snow-storm was over; for coming down it was now, and no mistake!

And it kept on coming down. About half-past three, when I sorrowfully decided I was bound to make a move, it was snowing faster than ever. I harnessed my horse, and laughing at the old woman's dismal prophecy that I should never get to Midcombe in such weather, gathered up the reins, and away I went along the white road.

I thought I knew the way well enough. In fact, I had always prided myself upon remembering any road once driven over by me; but does anyone who has not tried it really know how a heavy fall of snow changes the aspect of the country, and makes landmarks snares and delusions? I learnt all about it then, once and for all. I found, also, that the snow lay much deeper than I thought could possibly be in so short a time, and it still fell in a manner almost unding. Yet I went on bravely and merrily for some miles. Then came a bit of uncertainty——

II.

WHICH of those two roads was the right one? This one, of course—no, the other. There was no house near; no one was likely to be passing in such weather, so I was left to exercise my free, unbiased choice, a privilege I would willingly have dispensed with. However, I made the best selection I could, and fololwed it for some two miles. Then I began to grow doubtful, and soon persuading myself that I was on the wrong track, retraced my steps. I was by this time something like a huge white plaster-of-paris figure, and the snow which had accumulated on the old dog-cart made it run heavier by half-a-ton, more or less. By the time I came to that unlucky junction of roads at which my misfortune began, it was almost dark; the sky as black as tarpaulin, yet sending down the white feathery flakes thicker and faster than ever. I felt inclined to curse my folly in attempting such a drive, at any rate I blamed myself for not having started two or three hours earlier. I'll warrant that steady-going old Brand never had to accuse himself of such foolishness as mine.

Well, I took the other road ;went on some way; came to a turning which I seemed to remember; and, not without misgivings, followed it. My misgivings increased when, after a little while, I found the road grew full of ruts, which the snow and the darkness quite concealed from me until the wheels got into them. Evidently I was wrong again. I was just thinking of making the best of my way out of this rough and unfrequented road, when—there, I don't know how it happened, and such things seldom occur to me—a stumble, a fall on the part of my tired horse sent me flying over the dashboard, with the only consoling thought that the reins were still in my hand.

Luckily the snow had made the falling pretty soft. I picked myself up and set about estimating damages. With some difficulty I got the horse out of the harness and then felt free to inspect the dog-cart. Alas! after the manner of the two-wheel kind whenever a horse thinks fit to fall, one shaft had snapped off like a carrot; so here was I, five males apparently from anywhere, in the thick of a blinding snowstorm, left standing helpless beside a jaded horse and a broken cart—I should like to know what Brand would have done under the circumstances.

As for me, I reflected for some minutes—reflection in a snowstorm is weary work. I reasoned, I believe, logically, and at last came to this decision: I would follow the road. If, as I suspected, it was but a cart track, it would probably soon lead to a habitation of some kind. Anyway, I had better try a bit farther. I took hold of the wearied horse and with snow under my feet, snowflakes whirling round me, and a wind blowing right into my teeth, struggled on.

It was a journey! I think I must have been three-quarters of an hour going about a quarter of a mile. I was just beginning to despair, when I saw a welcome gleam of light. I steered toward it, fondly hoping that my troubles were at an end. I found the light stole through the ill-fitting window shutters of what seemed, so far as I could make out in the darkness, to be a small farm-house. Tying to a gate the knotted reins by which I had been leading the horse, I staggered up to the door and knocked loudly. Upon my honor, until I leant against that doorpost I had no idea how tired I was—until that moment I never suspected that the finding of speedy shelter meant absolutely saving my life. Covered from head to foot with snow, my hat crushed in, I must have been a pitiable object.

No answer came to my first summons. It was only after a second and more imperative application of my heel that the door deigned to give way a few inches. Through the aperture a woman's voice asked who was there?

"Let me in," I said. "I have missed my way to Midcombe. My horse has fallen. You must give me shelter for the night. Open the door, and let me in."

"Shelter! You can't get shelter here, mister," said a man's gruff voice. "This ain't an inn, so you'd best be off, and go elsewhere."

"But I must come in," I said, astounded at such inhospitality, "I can't go a step farther. Open the door at once!"

"You be hanged," said the man. "'Tis my house, not yours."

"But, you fool, I mean to pay you well for your trouble. Don't you know it means death wandering about on such a night as this? Let me in!"

"You won't come in here," was the brutal and boorish reply. The door closed.

That I was enraged at such incivility may be easily imagined; but if I said I was thoroughly frightened I believe no one would be surprised. As getting into that house meant simply life or death to me, into that house I determined to get, by door or window, by fair means or by foul. So, as the door closed, I hurled myself against it with all the might I could muster. Although I ride much heavier now than I did then, all my weight at that time was bone and muscle. The violence of my attack tore from the lintel the staple which held the chain; the door went back with a bang, and I fell forward into the house, fully resolved to stay there whether welcome or unwelcome.

CHAPTER III.

THE door through which I had burst like a battering ram opened straight into a sort of kitchen, so although I entered in a most undignified way, in fact on my hands and knees, I was well-established in the center of the room before the man and woman emerged from behind the door, where my successful assault had thrown them, I stood up and faced them. They were a couple of ordinary, respectably attired country people. The man, a sturdy, strong-built, bull-necked rascal, stood scowling at me, and, I concluded, making up his mind as to what course to pursue.

"My good people," I said, "you are behaving in the most unheard of manner. Can't you understand that I mean to pay you well for any trouble I give you? But whether you like it or not, here I stay to-night. To turn me out would be sheer murder."

So saying I pulled off my overcoat, and began shaking the snow out of my whiskers.

I dare say my determined attitude, my respectable, as well as my muscular appearance, impressed my unwilling hosts. Any way, they gave in without any more ado. Whilst the woman shut the door through which the snowflakes were whirling, the man said suddenly:

"Well, you'll have to spend the night on a chair. We've no beds here for strangers. Specially those as ain't wanted."

"Very well, my friend. Having settled the matter you may as well make yourself pleasant. Go out and put my horse under cover, and give him a feed of some sort—make a mash if you can."

After giving the woman a quick glance as of warning, my scowling host lit a horn lantern, and went on the errand I suggested. I gladly sunk into a chair, and warmed myself before a cheerful fire. The prospect of spending the night amid such discomfort was not alluring, but I had, at least, a roof over my head.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What He Was.

He—"You are a veritable queen of the roses, Daisy, but I—what am I?" She—"Give it up, dear boy, altogether, unless you are an evergreen."—Standard.

SIGNS OF THE STARS.

SOME TALES TOLD BY THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

Correspondents Should Be Careful to Follow Instructions as to Full Names and Addresses—Date, Place and Hour of Birth.

THE Astrologer again insists that all persons writing him with a view of obtaining free readings in this column, must send full name and address. The name will not be published. The data are often megre, in which case it becomes necessary to address a personal letter to the applicant. It will therefore be seen that it is quite necessary to give name and post office address. These readings are free, and will be published in order as received. Persons wishing the same length reading by mail can obtain it by sending twelve two cent stamps. Write name and address, year of birth, day of month and hour of day, whether a. m. or p. m. Also state place of birth. These are important points and without them an accurate reading of the planetary indications cannot be given. Persons who are not sure as to data should write the Astrologer for special instructions by mail. In doing so send four cents in stamps for reply. Address: Prof. G. W. Cunningham, Dept. 4, 194 So. Clinton street, Chicago.

The following readings are for this week:

Miss Meg, Mendota, Mo.

According to the data furnished, the zodiacal sign, Scorpio, which Mars rules, was rising at your birth, therefore Mars is your ruling planet or significator.

You are medium height, with a well set figure, and will grow stouter as you grow older. Your complexion, hair and eyes, medium; the eyes have rather a sharp, piercing sight. You are very energetic and ambitious, do not like opposition, and will display quite a spirited temper at times; you are a leader, and have the ability to execute plans in a creditable manner; you are fond of soldiers, fireman, surgeons, all manner of military parades, news, etc. If a war would come you would like to go and be right at the front of the battle; you would make a good surgeon. You have far better command of language than this sign usually denotes. Your husband is, or will be, a peculiar temperament, and rather hard to understand, and marriage will only be a trifle over average fortunate. You are under both a good transit of Jupiter and an evil transit of Saturn.

F. B., Oceola, Ohio.

According to the data the zodiacal sign Aquarius, which Uranus rules, was rising at your birth, therefore Uranus is your ruling planet or significator. The sign Pisces, which Jupiter rules, was intercepted on ascendant, therefore Jupiter is co-significator. You are of medium height; medium to light complexion, hair and eyes; when young your hair was flaxen; you will grow stouter as you advance in years; you are reserved in your manners, yet quite a busy talker; you are inclined to investigate any of the occult and mysterious forces in nature; you are a seeker after truth no matter where you find it; you are naturally an advanced thinker, and was born with a kind of knowledge which you never had to study to learn; you just know many things without ever having had to study them, and if asked to explain how you knew this or that you could not tell where it came from; you feel and know things in advance. If you would thoroughly understand this it could be made valuable to you. Saturn will make an evil transit for you soon.

Miss S. S. Marionville, Mo.

According to the data furnished the Zodiacal sign Sagittarius, which Jupiter rules was rising at your birth, therefore Jupiter is your ruling planet or significator. You are tall, with slender, well formed figure; medium to light complexion and eyes; the hair, auburn; in general appearance you are commanding, you are jovial, cheerful, happy temperament, you are very ambitious and will be a leader in anything you are interested in; you are kind to animals and especially fond of a horse. You are very courageous even to a reckless degree at times. You will be looked up to by your neighbors, they will expect you to take the lead, and they will follow. You should secure an education in art for you are gifted in that direction, but there will be something to hinder you from getting a proper education in it unless you make special effort and overcome the obstacles that will be in your path, yet you are otherwise quite fortunate.

Note.—Those who have sent in their stamps (26 cents) for readings by mail, will usually be promptly answered. In cases where there is an apparent delay the astrologer should be notified at once and the mistake will be rectified.